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CHARACTER BUILDING READERS

COURAGE

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THE

CHARACTER BUILDING READERS

BY

ELLEN E. KENYON-WARNER, PD.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE CULTURE READERS"; JOINT AUTHOR OF THE "WARD RATIONAL READERS"

SECOND READER—PART TWO

COURAGE

Moral Effect Sought: The dominant note in this book is *courage*. Not only courage as shown by acts of heroism, but also the courage that expresses itself in perseverance, patience, and self-conquest.

HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE

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INTRODUCTION

THERE is a rhythm in growth.

Interest swings like a pendulum between the self and the not self; between the personal and the abstract; between the affections of the heart and the conceptions of the mind; between the gentler and the sterner ideals of life and conduct; from beauty to duty and back again.

The mere babe first gazes with astonishment on the newest or most noticeable thing in view and then wishes to act upon it. Sentiment dawns under stimulation by mother or kindergarten. The kindergarten systematically recognizes the rhythmic action of the mind within its range of interests. The Character Building Readers continue the moral culture of the child under this law. The successive awakenings they endeavor to promote — to clear perceptions of and enthusiasm for (1) mother-love, tenderness, chivalry, etc.; (2) industry; (3) coöperation and helpfulness; (4) courage and perseverance — follow the natural swinging of the pendulum of growth.

This book contains sufficient matter on former lines to keep alive the sentiments previously trained, and a few pieces meant for relaxation and recreation only. Its more distinctive effort is to repeatedly stir those feelings which prompt a noble emulation of what are commonly regarded as the more masculine virtues in contradistinction from the more feminine as taught in the preceding books. Moral *fiber* begins to form and knit as these ideas possess the imagination and inspire the will.

The Natural Method of teaching has been sufficiently presented in the previous numbers of the Series. It is to take from the text of each day's study, whether in the reading lesson proper or any other subject, the words most worthy of attention, and to group them with others of their kind, selecting some portion of the word that stamps it peculiar as the principle deciding the group. For instance, should the word *inveigh* occur, let the class recall all the words they know in which the sound of long *a* is represented by the letters *eigh*. The word *pneumonia* suggests a dictionary search for words beginning with *pn*. If the children are not yet able to consult the dictionary, the teacher should provide herself with a short list for blackboard presentation and written spelling.

THE AUTHOR.

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SECOND READER

SECOND HALF

I. A HERO

(See Frontispiece)

"In the boy so true and fearless,
Lived our patriot, good and grand,
Through the years of war and danger,
Savior of his troubled land;
For the little twig, believe me,
Ever grows as it began,
And the child of noble nature
Makes the noble-hearted man."

— *Adapted.*

Who was this hero?
Tell what you know of George Washington.

BE TRUE!

1. Listen, my boy!
   I've a word for you
   And this is the word:
   Be true, be true!

2. At work or at play,
   In darkness or light,
   Be true, be true,
   And stand for the right.

3. And you, little girl —
   I've a word for you.
   'Tis the very same word.
   Be true, be true!

4. For truth is the sun,
   And falsehood the night.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND

Be true, little maid,
And stand for the right.

— *Selected.*

II. THE WIND AND THE SUN

1. "I am stronger than the sun!" shouted the wind, as he blew a house roof across the street and knocked down two chimneys with it.

2. The sun smiled, for he knew that nothing on earth is so strong as he. This made the wind very angry, and he rushed about and howled at a great rate.

3. "I will show you what I can do!" he cried, and down went a church steeple with a crash. Still the sun smiled with amusement.

4. "What are you laughing at?" demanded the wind, rudely.

5. "I was wondering," said the sun, "which of us could soonest make that man take off his coat."

6. Without reply the wind rushed at the man. It tried to force itself under his coat, and tear it from his back. But the man turned his back to the wind, and only held his coat on the tighter.

7. The wind wrestled with him in vain, until it was quite worn out. Then the sun set to work.

8. He sent his warm rays down upon the man's back, and in two minutes the coat hung over the traveler's arm.

— Retold from Æsop.

Count the stripes. Count the stars. Tell what you know of the meaning of stars, stripes, and colors.

III. OUR FLAG

1. There are many flags in many lands,
   There are flags of every hue,
   But there is no flag in any land
   Like our own red, white, and blue.

2. I know where the prettiest colors are;
   I'm sure if I only knew
   How to get them here, I could make a flag
   Of glorious red, white, and blue.

3. I would cut a piece from the evening sky,
   Where the stars were shining through,
   And use it just as it was on high
   For my stars and field of blue.

4. Then I'd want a part of a fleecy cloud
And some red from a rainbow bright,
And I'd put them together, side by side,
For my stripes of red and white.

5. Then hurrah for the flag! — our country's flag,
Its stripes and white stars, too;
For there is no flag in any land
Like our own red, white, and blue.

— *Selected.*

IV. THE STORY OF SAINT VALENTINE

1. Long ago there lived a priest by the name of Valentine. This good man was known in all the country round for

his kindness. He nursed the sick, cheered the sorrowing, and was always ready to help any one in trouble.

2. Father Valentine dearly loved the children, and those who went to him for food and clothes were never turned away.

3. After he became too old to go about among his people, he was very sad, because he thought he could no longer be of use.

4. Then he remembered that he could write them loving messages; and soon his friends began to watch for the kind words that were sure to come whenever they were in trouble.

5. Even little children would say when they were ill, "I think Father Valentine will send me a letter to-day."

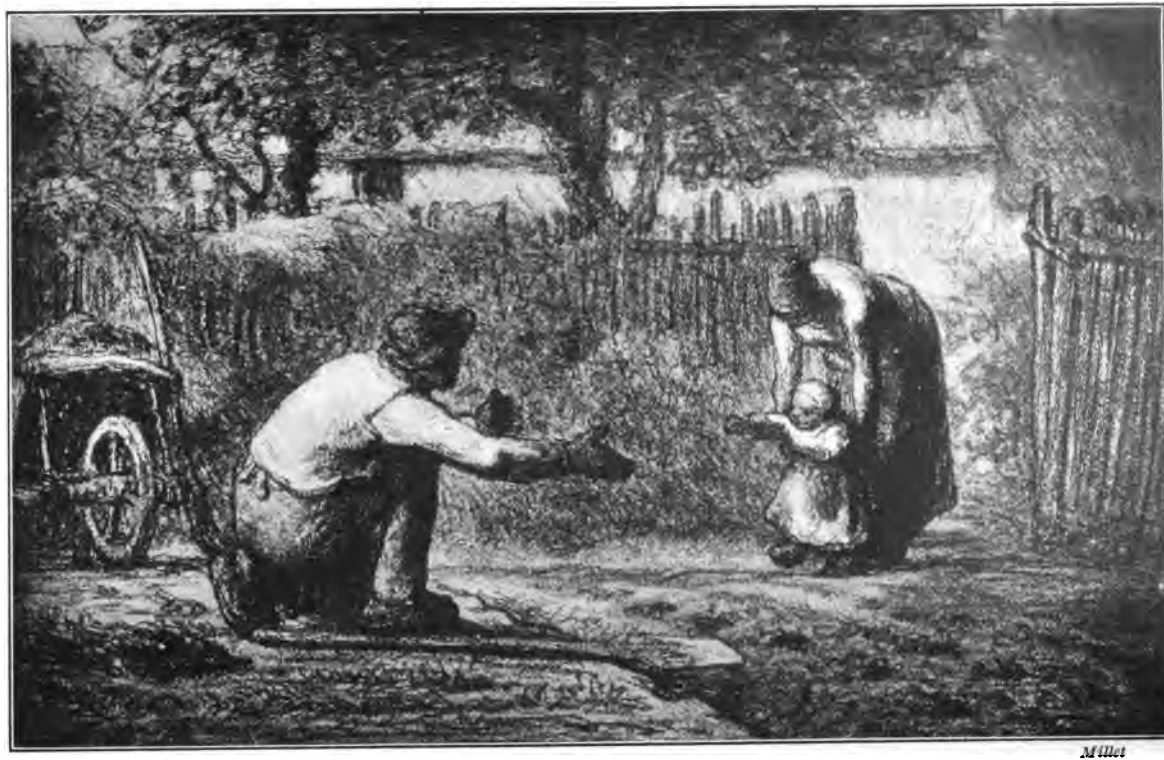
6. But after a time no more letters came, and it was known that the good old priest was dead. Then every one said that such a good man should be called a saint; and from that day to this he has been known as Saint Valentine.

7. It was not long before people began to keep his birthday by sending loving messages to their friends; and the letters containing these messages were called valentines.

8. Good Saint Valentine died many years ago, but he is still remembered, for every year we keep his birthday on the fourteenth of February.

— *Selected.*

Tell about valentines that you have received or sent.
Write a valentine to your mother.



Millet

FIRST STEPS

V. WHICH SHALL WE CHOOSE?

1. Each has something that is best—
   North, south, east, and west.

2. In the land of ice and snow
   Beauty dwells, and health, I know.

3. In the land of birds and flowers
   South wind many blessings showers.

4. Where the waves play tag all day,
   In the east the sea is gay.

5. West wind blows o'er fields of wheat,
   Else what should we have to eat?

6. This way, that way, would I fly,
   With each wind that passes by.

— Adapted.

VI. THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE

1. A hare once challenged a tortoise to a race. Knowing himself to be one of the swiftest of creatures and the tortoise one of the slowest, he thought it a good joke.

2. "The race is not always to the swift," thought the tortoise. "The hare's vanity may play him some trick. I will accept the challenge." So the race was arranged.

3. The hare started off gayly, cutting many capers by the way and stopping to nibble the sweet clover. Having left the tortoise out of sight, he lay down for a nap, with the goal nearly reached.

4. The tortoise plodded on faithfully, and in time passed the sleeping hare.

5. The latter, awaking after a while, looked back and seeing nothing of the tortoise, thought there was plenty of time. He refreshed himself with a little more clover and went on leisurely.

6. When he reached the stake at the end of the race, he found the tortoise quietly waiting for him.

—*Retold.*

VII. A FELLOW'S MOTHER

1. "A fellow's mother," said Harry, the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and merry eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump or a bruise or a fall in the dirt.

Write a story about this picture.

2. "A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Rags and boxes, and lots of things;
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

3. "She does not care — not much, I mean —
If a fellow's face is not always clean;
And if your trousers are torn at the knee,
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

4. "A fellow's mother is never mad,
But only sorry if you are bad;
And I tell you this, if you're only true,

She'll always forgive you, whatever
you do.

5. "I'm sure of this," said Harry, the
wise,
With a manly look in his earnest
eyes;
"I'll mind my mother in every way.
A fellow's a *baby* that doesn't obey."

—*Selected.*

VIII. THE INDIA-RUBBER MAN

1. Did you ever hear of the India-rubber man?

2. His hat was made of rubber. His shoes were made of rubber. His coat and vest were made of rubber.

3. Even his purse was made of rubber; but there was no money in it.

4. He seemed to have gone crazy about rubber, and people made fun of him.

5. This India-rubber man was Charles Goodyear. Before any one else had found out how to make useful things of rubber, he believed it could be done.

6. He tried and tried to discover how to make rubber so that it would not melt in summer or freeze in winter.

7. The search kept him very poor, because he could not be doing that and earning wages at the same time. His family went hungry, and one of the children died.

8. At last, he tried heating rubber and sulphur together. That was the secret!

9. Now we have our overshoes, rain

coats, and many other things of rubber — and all through his patient search.

10. Let us thank Charles Goodyear, the India-rubber man.

Children name all the things they know are made of rubber.

— "*Culture Readers*," *D. Appleton & Co.*

IX. THE DOLL'S MISSION

1. Yes, Fido ate Annabel's head off;
   I really suppose she is dead;
   And Dora has swallowed her eyeballs;
   And Claire has a crack in her head.

2. But Eva has gone on a mission,
   A regular *mission*, not fun:
   She lives at the hospital yonder,
   And wears a gray dress, like a nun.

"If I had a house full of dollies,
I'd give them the best that I had."

3. As soon as I heard of the children,
The poor little sick ones, you know,
With nothing at all to amuse them,
I knew 'twas her duty to go.

4. I loved her the best of my dollies;
Her eyes were the loveliest blue;
But doing your duty, 'most always,
Means something you'd rather not do.

5. And when I remember the children,
So tired and lonesome and sad;
If I had a house full of dollies,
I'd give them the best that I had.

— *Selected.*

Tell what you know of children in hospitals.

Tell of something that little children may do to cheer the sad.

X. THE LIGHTHOUSE LAMP

1. The lamp lived in the very top of a big lighthouse. The lighthouse stood upon a small island far out at sea.

2. The island was good and gentle herself, but all about her were cruel rocks. Some of them lifted their dark heads far above the water.

3. In the daytime they could be plainly seen. But at night the boats might have sailed upon them, had it not been for our good lamp.

4. In the lighthouse lived a man and his wife. The man loved his lamp. He gave much time to it, keeping it always bright and shining.

5. In return for this kind care the

THE LIGHTHOUSE

lamp burned with a clear, strong flame that could be seen for miles.

6. One night a storm arose. The wind roared. The waves dashed higher and higher, but the lamp burned on.

7. The lighthouse keeper spoke often to his lamp. "Burn brightly, my good lamp. You and I may save many a life this night."

8. Still louder roared the wind. Higher and higher dashed the waves. One wave lifted his head so high that he looked through the lighthouse window into the face of the lamp.

9. "Go out!" said the waves. "Yes, go out, go out!" roared the wind. "There is a big steamer coming. I am going to blow her upon the rocks."

10. "Cruel, cruel!" cried the lamp. "I must save these poor people in spite of you."

11. The sailors in the boat saw the light. "Oh!" said they; "there must be rocks near! See, that is a lighthouse!"

12. They turned the boat quickly from the rocks, and went safely on their way, blessing the lamp for what it had done for them. —ALICIA ASPINWALL.

What is a lighthouse for?

Make up a story about a lighthouse in which by some accident the light went out.

What kind of a person should be placed in charge of a lighthouse?

Who has heard the story of Grace Darling? Tell it.

Beautiful hands are they that do
Things that are noble, good, and true.

XI. BABY BOY

1. Behold, a little baby boy!
   A happy babe is he;
   His face how bright,
   His heart how light!
   His throne his mother's knee.

2. His lips are red, his teeth are pearls, —
   The rogue, he has but two;
   His golden hair
   How soft and fair!
   His eyes how bright and blue!

3. His tiny hands are white and plump;
   And, waking or asleep,
   Beneath his clothes
   His little toes,
   How cunningly they peep!

— *Selected.*

BABY BOY

GOOD NIGHT

1. What do I see in Baby's eyes?
So bright! So bright!
I see the blue, I see a spark,
I see a twinkle in the dark—
Now shut them tight.

2. What do I see in Baby's eyes?
Shut tight! Shut tight!
The blue is gone, the light is hid—
I'll lay a soft kiss on each lid.
Good night! Good night!

—*Selected.*

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

XII. A SURPRISE

1. Mr. Chipmunk was playing among the trees one lovely autumn day, when he came across such a pile of delicious-looking acorns!

2. "What a feast!" he cried. "I'll cover these acorns and keep them until spring, for I have nuts enough in my storeroom for my winter's use; when they are gone, I'll come for these."

3. The little acorns heard him talking to himself, and laughed softly: "Ha, ha, Mr. Chipmunk! Spring is a long way off, and you cannot be so sure of finding your acorns then. Mother Oak Tree has told us that if we go to bed like good children and lie very still, something beautiful and

wonderful will happen to us when the warm spring days come."

4. The little acorns lay very quiet where Mr. Chipmunk had put them. Soon they could hear the cold winds blowing, but the red leaves, falling, made a beautiful warm coverlet for them.

5. Then Jack Frost came, and the snow fell softly on their bed like white wool. The wind, singing through the trees, lulled them to sleep, and they had a long, long nap.

6. When they awoke, it was warm and sunny.

7. "It must be nearly time for us to throw off these heavy blankets and stretch up where we can see the sky,

for I can feel the sun's warm rays," said one. "And I can move!" cried another. "Oh!" exclaimed a third, "I have burst my brown shell, and now I am reaching up!"

8. Soon the little roots had grown down deep into the earth, and the tiny green shoots had pushed their way through the darkness to such a glorious world,—a world so different from the cold, dark earth they had known before.

9. There were beautiful flowers and green grasses all around them, and tiny new leaves on the trees, and birds singing on the branches, and the acorn shoots hardly knew Mother Oak Tree, she was so gay in her new spring gown of green.

10. The little shoots were very happy, for they knew that they were to grow taller and more beautiful each year, like their grand and stately mother who stood near by.

11. Mr. Chipmunk came running along one day soon after this, looking for his acorns. When he reached the place where the baby oaks grew, he looked in amazement, for he was sure that they stood in the very spot where he had left the nuts.

12. "Well," he said, after thinking a long, long time, "perhaps some hungry little chipmunk found my acorns and carried them home. But who can have put all these green things here, I wonder?"

—Sue Clarke Kimball.

XIII. THE WHITE KITTEN

1. My little white kitten's asleep on my knee;
   As white as the snow or the lilies is she;
   She wakes with a purr
   When I stroke her soft fur.
   Was there ever another white kitten like her?

2. My little white kitten now wants to go out
   And frolic, with no one to watch her about;
   "Little kitten," I say,
   "Just an hour you may stay,
   And be careful in choosing your places to play."

3. But night has come down, when I
hear a loud "mew";
I open the door, and my kitten comes
through;
My white kitten! ah me!
Can it really be she—
This ill-looking, beggar-like cat that
I see?

4. What ugly, gray streaks on her side
and her back!
Her nose, once as pink as a rosebud,
is black!
Oh, I very well know,
Though she does not say so,
She has been where white kittens
ought never to go.

"'Little kitten,' I say—"

5. If little good children intend to do
right,
If little white kittens would keep
themselves white,
It is needful that they
Should this counsel obey,
And be careful in choosing their
places to play.

— *Selected.*

XIV. THE PUZZLED CHICK-A-BIDDY

1. Chick-a-biddy ventured to take a walk, while his mother was busy with her other chicks. He made his way into the barn. There he found a basket in which the cat had hidden a tiny kitten.

2. "Good morning, Kit," said Chick-a-biddy.

3. The kitten was too young and too weak to raise its head. But in a squeaky little voice it replied: "Good morning. Who are you?"

4. "Can't you see who I am?" said Chicky, standing up as tall as he could.

5. "Oh, no. I do not see yet. I am too young."

6. "Why, are you blind? I wanted you to take a walk with me," said the bird.

7. "Kittens do not open their eyes for the first week or nine days. And I am sure I could not walk, my legs are so weak," mewed the little kitty.

8. "How funny!" said Chick-a-biddy.

"A chicken with twice as many legs as I have who cannot walk isn't worth playing with."

9. Just then the old mother cat came into the barn looking very angry, and Chick-a-biddy thought he had better run away. So he went out, and began to be very busy scratching up the ground when a little bronze beetle crept out from the dust.

10. "Beetle, beetle," called Chick-a-biddy, "if you don't run faster than that with your six legs, I will gobble you up."

11. "Will you?" laughed the insect. And then Master Beetle lifted a pair of bronze wing covers, opened out his wings, and flew away, leaving Chick-a-

THE PUZZLED CHICKS

biddy staring at the air and looking very silly.

12. Passing through the gate, Master Chick next caught sight of a little spider, who appeared to be dancing in the air. That seemed very funny, for the spider had no wings. Chicky was just going to peck at the dangling spider when off it ran up a silky thread, like a sailor up a rope.

13. "How do you do that?" shouted Chick-a-biddy after him.

14. "With my eight legs," said the spider safe aloft in its web.

15. "Eight legs!" said Chicky. "I have only two legs. Who wants eight legs? I won't believe any one wants such a lot of legs."

16. "You wait, then, till you see an old centipede, fully grown! You could not count its legs, it has so many," said the spider.

17. "Two legs are quite enough for anybody," said Chick-a-biddy.

18. But just then a strange dog came running after him. Chicky ran as fast as his two little legs could carry him, but he could not go fast enough.

19. Then he tried to use his little fluffy wings to carry him faster, and in the end he had to cry out for his mother to save him. Brave old Henny Penny ruffled her feathers and clucked so loud that the dog turned and scampered away.

20. All that night little Chick-a-biddy

dreamed of nothing but legs; and to this day he is puzzled as to how many legs one should have.

—"*Longman's Chatty Readings in Elementary Science.*"

XV. THE BIRD THAT LOVED ITS FREEDOM

A DIALOGUE

Boy. Dicky bird, Dicky bird,
Whither away?
Why do you fly, when I
Wish you to stay?
I will not harm you,
If you will come
And sing me a song
While you perch on my thumb.

BIRDS THAT LOVE THEIR FREEDOM

Bird. Dear boy, I will sing to you
Here in the tree —
But please do not come
Any nearer to me.
Your wide-open hand
And your eyes big and bright
Fill my poor little heart
With trembling and fright.

Boy. I love you, dear Dicky,
So why should you fear?
If you'll only come with me,
My sweet, pretty dear,
You shall live in a house
All golden and gay,
And feed on a lump
Of white sugar each day.

Bird. But, my dear little boy,
I've a nest in this tree,
And four little baby birds
Waiting for me.
I should pine in a house,
Though all golden and gay;
I should starve on a lump
Of white sugar each day.

I love the fresh air,
The sunshine so free,
My swing in the rose bush,
My home in the tree.
My birdies are calling me,
So I must fly.
I sing as I leave you,
Good-by, dear, good-by!

— *Selected.*

Tell a story about a little girl and her pet dog.

XVI. THE RESCUE

1. Fire! fire! fire! See the angry flames bursting from the windows, darting from the roof! The engines are on the spot. How hard the men are at work! See the water streaming from the hose — one, two, three, four, five, six — and there is another on the roof! The fire grows hotter and hotter, and fiercer and fiercer.

2. Are the people out of the burning house? Are all safe? Hark! a wild scream — a child is left behind! A child! a child! Who will go to the rescue? Who will dare risk his life in the scorching flames?

3. A ladder is hoisted to one of the windows; a bold fireman climbs up.

Almost choked with flame and smoke, he bursts through the open window, jumps into the chamber and snatches the little one from its bed.

4. Will he ever get out? How the people strain their eyes to catch a glimpse of him! How they tremble as they look! There he is, safe! safe! See him with the baby in his arms!

5. A shout of delight goes up from the men below. See how they cheer him! and see the poor mother with her hands raised and her arms open to receive her treasure!

6. The noble fireman! Thanks to his brave and generous spirit! A mother's blessing meets him. The admira-

tion which men always feel at a brave act follows him. And the joy which springs from a self-sacrificing exertion in behalf of another will always be a well-spring of happiness within his own bosom.

—*Selected.*

XVII. BRAVE JOHNNY

1. "Come one, come all, these rocks shall fly
From their firm base as soon as I,"
Roared Johnny, in a voice so loud
It proved him hero of the crowd.

2. He was a captain, with a sword
Made from a whittled bit of board.
They had a tin pan for a drum,
That made the very echoes hum;

3. Their paper caps had tufted peaks;
Tired were their legs and hot their cheeks;
They moved in rather zigzag line,
Yet was it warlike, bold, and fine.

4. Just then old Brindle chanced to pass,
Nibbling the wayside weeds and grass;
She lifted up her meek-eyed face;
Grave was her look and slow her pace.

5. And if her horns were seen to shake,
Clearly 'twas only by mistake.
But Johnny spied her, nearing thus,
Looking so huge and dangerous;

6. Just as he finished the third time
Shouting his fierce defiant rhyme,
Down dropped both voice and sword, and he
Over the fence went instantly!

Easy and pleasant 'tis to quote
The brave, bold words another wrote;
But he who rank and file would lead,
Should prove his courage by his deed.

— *Youth's Companion.*

XVIII. NEVER SAY DIE

1. Two frogs fell into a churn that was half full of cream. The churn was too deep for them to jump out.

2. The cream was rich and thick. The frogs were used to swimming in water, and did not know what to make of it.

3. "We shall never be able to live in this!" thought they. At first, both were very much frightened.

4. One of them sank immediately to the bottom. Weakly struggling up to the surface again, he croaked out, "Got to drown! Got to drown!"

5. "Got to work! Got to work!" croaked the other frog, who had kept himself afloat by paddling with his webbed feet.

6. The first frog sank again, and once more rose to the surface. "Got to drown! Got to drown!" he croaked.

7. The second frog kept swimming. "Got to work! Got to work!" he answered.

8. A third time, the first frog came to the top and croaked, "Got to drown! Got to drown! Got to drown!" and that was the last of him.

9. When he sank again, he had not strength to rise. But the other frog kept swimming for dear life.

10. Now, we all know what happens to cream when it is kept in violent motion. It turns to butter. The frog's webbed feet churned it well.

11. In the morning the first frog lay dead at the bottom of the churn, but the brave swimmer rested comfortably on an island of butter.

12. When the farmer's wife came and tipped the churn a little to look at the cream, the live frog jumped out and hastened back to the pond.

XIX. THE DISCONTENTED PINE TREE

I

1. "All the other trees are prettier than I am," sighed a little pine tree that grew in the wood. "Even the little trees have broad leaves, and I have only needles."

2. Then it swayed and shook its branches as much as a little pine tree can, and whispered to the wind that

passed by, "O wind, can you not get me some nice broad leaves instead of these wretched needles?"

3. "I will see what can be done about it," said the wind; and he told the sad story of the little pine tree to the fairy who grants all wishes.

4. The fairy came to the little pine tree and said, "What kind of leaves would you like to have?"

5. The pine tree trembled with delight and said, Oh, kind fairy, let me be dressed in leaves of gold!"

6. "You shall have your wish," said the fairy, and disappeared.

7. Next morning when the pine tree awoke, the needles lay on the ground, and in their place there grew all over it

Can you imagine taking a walk through a place like this? Write the story of your walk.

the most beautiful broad and shining leaves of yellow gold.

8. Then the little pine tree was very happy.

9. But it was not long before a man who loved riches came to the wood. Seeing something bright and yellow shining among the small trees, he pushed their branches aside, and found the little pine tree.

10. With a loud cry he ran off as quickly as he could, and soon came back with two sacks. Into these he dropped the beautiful golden leaves, which he plucked from the little pine tree, leaving not one.

11. When he had gone, the little pine tree wept aloud with its bare

branches, and called to the friendly wind.

12. "I pray you, good wind," he cried, "go to the kind fairy, and ask her to give me leaves of glass, which will glitter in the sun, and which men who love gold will not take from me."

II

13. The fairy heard the wish; and next morning the little pine tree was clothed in leaves of glass, that shone like diamonds in the sun! It looked very beautiful, and felt very happy.

14. But the wind grew playful that day, and tossed the pine tree's branches about so that the glass leaves were all

broken, and fell in small pieces to the ground.

15. Then did the little pine tree weep more sadly than before, so that the wind was sorry, and brought the fairy who grants all wishes.

16. When the fairy came, the pine tree sobbed out: "Oh, kind fairy, I was mistaken to ask for leaves of gold, which greedy men love, and for leaves of glass, which the careless wind breaks. I pray you to give me soft, green leaves like those my neighbors wear."

17. "You shall have your wish," said the fairy, and disappeared.

18. Next morning the branches of the pine tree were clothed in soft, green leaves. "Now no one will know me from my

neighbors, and I am as beautiful as any," said he; and he felt very happy.

19. But it was not long before a goat came along, and because the branches of the pine tree were within her reach, she ate every one of the soft, green leaves, leaving them once more bare.

20. Then the little pine tree shivered and cried, and the wind told the fairy what had happened.

21. "Well, what kind of leaves will you have now?" she said to the pine tree when she found it in such distress.

22. "Oh, kind fairy," cried the little tree, "let me be as heaven made me, for so I was safe."

23. "You shall have your wish," said the fairy, and disappeared.

24. The next morning a garment of bright green needles covered its branches once more and rattled softly in the wind, and the little pine tree was happy ever after.

— *Retold.*

XX. A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER

1. Dear Grandma, — I will try to write
   A very little letter.
   If I don't spell the words all right,
   Why, next time I'll do better.

2. My little rabbit is alive,
   And likes his milk and clover;
   He likes to see me very much,
   But is afraid of Rover.

3. I have a dove as white as snow;
   I call her "Polly Feather";
   She hops and flies about the yard
   In every kind of weather.

4. I think she likes to see it rain,
   For then she smooths her jacket,
   And seems to be quite proud and vain.
   The turkeys make a racket.

5. The hens are picking up the corn,
   And clucking very loudly;
   While our old peacock struts about,
   And shows his colors proudly.

6. I think I'll close my letter now;
   I've nothing more to tell.
   Do answer soon, and come to see
   Your loving little

NELL.

XXI. A WATER-DROP

1. The water-drops in the sea were having such a good time! What fun they had, playing hide-and-seek and tag!

2. But the sunbeams looked down pityingly and said: "How can you be so happy down there, it is so dark? Up in our home with Father Sun we have a beautiful time, playing with the clouds. Wouldn't you like to come with us?"

3. The little water-drops began to grow discontented and said: "Yes, we would like to go, but how can we get up there? You cannot carry us because you are so thin and light, and we are so heavy."

4. The sunbeams smiled and replied,

"The little water-drops ran back to earth —"

"Oh, we are fairies and can make you thin and light enough to carry."

5. While speaking, the sunbeams came very near to the water-drops and touched them. In a minute they were changed into vapor, and no one could see them.

6. The sunbeams now helped them rise up to the Sun's palace in the sky.

7. The enchanted raindrops enjoyed themselves very much, but at last they longed for their Mother Sea again. They asked Father Sun to change them back into water-drops, but he said, "Now I have you and I shall keep you."

8. They could not get back to the earth as long as they were enchanted.

Then the sad little water-drops gathered together in a crowd. People looking up into the sky said, "Oh, see that cloud!"

9. At last Cold Wind came along. Seeing the sorrowful little changed water-drops, he said kindly, "What is the matter with you?"

10. They told him the whole story. "Well, well," he said, "I will blow you all back again."

11. So he blew on them, and back they were changed into water-drops.

12. How happy they were! They hardly stopped to thank good Cold Wind. They ran back to earth as quickly as they could.

13. The children playing in the streets ran home when the water-drops

fell. "What a shame that it is raining!" they said.

14. But the little water-drops or rain-drops, as they were now called, did not care. They were too busy trying to find their way back to Mother Sea.

15. Sad to say, some were lost on the way and never got home. Those who did told their brothers and sisters all about their adventure, and now they, too, want to go up.

— FLORA A. MOLWITZ.

XXII. DRIVE THE NAIL ARIGHT

1. Drive the nail aright, boys;
   Hit it on the head;
   Strike with all your might, boys,
   Ere the time has fled.

2. Lessons you've to learn, boys;
   Study with a will:
   They who reach the top, boys,
   First must climb the hill.

3. Standing at the foot, boys;
   Gazing at the sky,
   How can you get up, boys,
   If you never try?

4. Though you stumble oft, boys,
   Never be downcast;
   Try and try again, boys:
   You'll succeed at last.

5. Always persevere, boys,
   Though your task is hard;
   Toil and happy trust, boys,
   Bring their own reward.

Tell the story that you see in the picture.

6. Never give it up, boys,
Always say you'll try;
You will gain the crown, boys,
Surely, by and by.

— *Selected.*

XXIII. LEGEND OF THE DANDELION

1. Long, long ago, all the little stars lived in the sky with their mother, the Moon, and their father, the Sun.

2. Their mother liked to have them shine as soon as it grew dark, to help brighten the sky, and so make the earth lighter.

3. No one knows what happened to these little stars. Though they were usually very good children, one night when their mother called them to come

and light the sky, they came very slowly, and when she told them to shine, they did not do so.

4. They did just as naughty children sometimes do; they hung their heads and wore a cross look on their faces.

5. Of course this made old Mother Moon feel very sad, and when she saw that the children were not going to do as she wished, what do you think happened?

6. Their places were taken by some good little stars, who wished to help the people on the earth find their way. Soon the naughty little stars felt themselves falling, falling down from the sky.

7. Faster and faster they fell, till they sank down into the earth.

8. The poor little things cried themselves to sleep, because they were lonely, and because they were so sorry that they had been naughty.

9. In the morning their father, the Sun, shone out so brightly that everything wakened from sleep, even the baby stars under the grass. When they found themselves in the ground, they began to cry again.

10. The Sun heard them, and seeing how sorry they were, he called them up and smiled upon them.

11. Now listen to what he told them. He said that they were to shine on the earth instead of in the heavens, and so make the earth beautiful.

12. So every morning, when the Sun

smiled upon them, they opened their eyes and shone all day.

13. At night, you can see the stars in the sky; and every day in summer, the stars shining in the grass.

— Adapted.

XXIV. THE ENDLESS STORY

1. A tiny drop of water
Within the ocean lay,
A coaxing sunbeam caught her
And bore her far away;
Up, up, and higher still they go,
With gentle motion soft and slow.

2. A little cloud lay sleeping
Across the azure sky,

THE OCEAN

But soon it fell a-weeping
As cold the wind rushed by,
And cried and cried herself away,
It was a very rainy day.

3. The little rain drops sinking
Ran trickling through the ground,
And set the rootlets drinking
In all the country round.
But some, with laughing murmur, said,
"We'll farther go," and on they sped.

4. A little spring came dripping
The moss and ferns among,
A silver rill went tripping
And singing sweet along,
And calling others to its side
Until it rolled—a river wide.

5. And with the ocean blended
At last its waters run;
Then is the story ended?
Why, no! 'tis just begun.
For in the ocean, as before,
The drop of water lies once more.

—*Selected.*

XXV. THE FOUR APPLE TREES

1. Once there was a man who wanted to have a beautiful orchard. He sent for some young trees, knowing that he would have his orchard without waiting so long if he planted trees which had already made a good start in growing.

2. But the trees arrived just at a time when the man was obliged to leave home for several days. He was afraid they

would not live unless they were planted very soon; yet he could not stay to attend to them. Just then a man came along who wanted work.

3. "Can you set out trees?" asked the owner.

4. "I think I can," said the other man.

5. "Then you may set out these young apple trees. I am going to have an orchard, and I have marked the places for the trees, with stones."

6. When the owner of the trees came back, he went to look at his orchard. He had been gone four days.

7. "How is this!" said he; "you have set out only four trees."

8. "That is all I had time for," an-

swered the other man. "I dug deep holes, so that the roots might be spread out to the farthest tip; I brought rich earth from the woods, so that the trees might have the best of food; I set the trees straight, and filled the holes carefully. This took all the time, but these four trees are well planted."

9. "That is too slow a way for me," said the owner. "I can plant the whole orchard in one day."

10. So he set to work and planted the other trees in his own way. He did not dig the holes large enough or deep enough; so many of the little root-mouths were broken off when he set the trees into the holes. He did not take the time to get soft, rich earth to fill

UNDER THE APPLE TREE

the holes, and so the trees did not have as good food as they needed.

11. The poor little trees lived for a few years, but they were never very strong, and never bore good apples. At last they were cut down. All that was left of the orchard were the four trees which had been planted with such faithfulness and care.

12. These four trees are still living. They are now older than an old man, and have been bearing delicious great apples for many, many years.

13. "These four apple trees," says Dr. Edward Everett Hale, when he tells the story, "stand as a memorial of what it is to do a thing well."

— Adapted.

XXVI. THE BUTTERFLY'S GRAVE

1. Poor little butterfly, dead on the walk!
   Take him up, Rose, with a violet stalk.

2. Now in a lily leaf let him be wound;
   His coffin a pease pod that Johnny has found.

3. In mamma's flower pot dig him a grave;
   Let the geranium over him wave.

4. Rest, little butterfly, in your nice bed;
   A rose at your feet, and a stone at your head.

— Selected.

CRADLE SONG

Hush! the waves are rolling in;
White with foam, white with foam!
Father toils amid the din,
But baby sleeps at home.

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Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep!
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the lazy sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam:
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.

— *Old Gaelic Song.*

Knowe: a hillock; a knoll.

"Baby sleeps at home."

XXVII. DOING HIS BEST

1. Many of the boys and all the men of the village in which Luke Varnum lived shouldered their guns in 1776, and marched off to war. Luke was only fifteen years old, and lame; so he was left at home. With a heavy heart he saw the others march away. It was hard not to be permitted to go with them.

2. He thought bitterly of his lameness, and felt that one who could not be a soldier was of no use in the world.

3. The men had been gone but a short time, when three horsemen galloped up to the door of the village blacksmith's shop.

4. "Halloo! is there any one here who can set a shoe?" called one of the men.

5. "I think I can," said Luke. "I often tend the fire for Jonas and have seen him do it."

6. Luke started up the bellows and soon had a bright fire. He found a few nails which Jonas had left and made two more himself. While he was doing this a fourth horseman appeared, walking his horse slowly toward the shop.

7. The other men saluted him respectfully. "I see that you have found a forge," he said. "It is well for my horse, for I could not ride her five miles farther unshod."

8. Luke pared the horse's hoof and tried the shoe. It was too large. He heated it white, and bent it to the proper size. Then he nailed it on, using first

"Luke started up the bellows and soon had a bright fire."

the two nails which he had made himself.

9. "It isn't done very well, I know," he said, "but I have done my best, and I think the shoe will do."

10. "It will do very well," said the rider, "and without it my horse would be of no use to me."

11. Then he rode away with the soldiers; but one of them lingered a minute, and said to Luke, "Boy, the rider of that horse is Colonel Warner."

12. When you read some day in books of history how Colonel Warner reached the battlefield of Bennington with his regiment just in time to save the day, you must remember Luke Varnum, the lame boy.

13. He did what he could, and, although it was a little thing, it helped to gain a great victory.

— *Adapted.*

XXVIII. FLOWERS OF THE MAY

1. A caller! Who is it?
To make me a visit,
Here comes little Milly!
How are you to-day?
And, pray, let me ask it,
What *is* in your basket?
Ah! now I can see:
It is flowers of the May!

2. In nosegays you've bound them;
I'll guess where you found them:
These buds on the bough
Of the apple tree grew;

And under the shadow
Of ferns in the meadow
  You gathered these violets,
Tender and blue.

3. Your flower bed, I fancy,
Has given this pansy;
  And close by the road
Grew these buttercups wild.
O, flowers of the May, love,
Are sweet in their way, love;
  But sweeter by far
Is the love of my child.

— *Selected.*

Write a story in which little Milly feeds and talks to the sparrows (see next page) and then takes a walk in the country.

Tell what time of year it was, where she found the flowers she gathered, and to whom she gave her nosegay.

THE SPARROW

1. Glad to see you, little bird;
'Twas your pretty chirp I heard:
What did you intend to say—
"Give me something this cold day"?

2. That I will, and plenty too;
All these crumbs I saved for you:
Don't be frightened — here's a treat!
I shall wait to see you eat.

3. Thomas says you steal his wheat;
John complains his plums you eat—
Choose the ripest for your share,
Never asking whose they are.

4. But I will not try to know
What you did so long ago:
There's your breakfast—eat away;
Come and see me every day.

—*Selected.*

THE SPARROWS

XXIX. THE MONKEY WITH THE HAND ORGAN

1. Perhaps among all the animals there isn't another quite so tired and homesick as is the little brown monkey who goes about with the hand organ.

2. He wears a faded jacket and a scarlet cap, and runs about, as well as he can, at the end of a long chain. He makes a bow and passes his hat for pennies, but all the time he looks at the world with weary, wondering eyes.

3. What is he thinking about? Of a warm sunny land, maybe, far away across the sea, where he used to live.

4. In that same sunny land, at home in the great forest, you would scarcely know the little scarlet-capped monkey.

5. There, he was as merry and mischievous as only a monkey knows how to be. All day long he raced up and down the branches. He screamed and frolicked and played all sorts of "monkey tricks" on his brothers and sisters.

6. Once he threw a big nut to hit the head of a man under the tree. The man was angry, but the monkey only laughed and threw down more nuts.

7. One sad day this little fellow walked into a trap, left for him by a hunter. Then his troubles began. He was taken out of the trap and put into a box with ever so many more unhappy monkeys, and sent across the great ocean.

8. When the box was opened, some

What do you suppose has made the little monkey ill?
Write the story.

of the monkeys were lucky enough to be sold as pets for boys and girls. Others went to Central Park to live in cages, while our poor little monkey was sold to an organ grinder.

9. When you are used to a great, green forest, it isn't easy to spend your life on a chain. It isn't easy to walk about on two hind feet when nature meant you to go on all fours. It isn't easy to do funny tricks when one's heart aches to be at home. It isn't easy to live in a land of winter half the year, when one was made to live in a land of sunshine and summer.

10. The monkey shivers with the cold, and by and by he begins to cough. He is very miserable, but organ men

have whips for bad monkeys and food for good ones. So the little fellow does his best day after day. —*Selected.*

XXX. WHY LITTLE BIRDS HOP

1. A little bird sat on a twig of a tree,
A-swinging and singing, as glad as could be,
And shaking his feathers and smoothing his dress,
And having such fun as you never could guess.

2. And when he had finished his sweet morning song,
He flew to the ground, and went hopping along,

This way and that way, with both
little feet,
While his sharp twinkling eyes
looked for something to eat.

3. A little boy said to him, "Birdie, do
stop,
And tell me the reason you go with a
hop!
Why do you not walk as we boys
do, and men,
One foot at a time, like a dove or a
hen?

4. "How queer it would look to you
when you go out
If you saw boys and girls all go hop-
ping about

Like you, little bird! And you don't
know what fun
It is to be able to walk and to run."

5. Then the little bird went with a hop,
hop, hop,
And he laughed, and he laughed as
he never would stop;
And he said to the boy, "There are
some birds that talk,
And some small birds that hop, and
some large birds that walk.

6. "Use your eyes, little boy. If you
watch, you will see
What little birds hop with both feet,
just like me,
And what other birds walk, like the
duck and the hen;

What kind of birds are these? Do they hop or walk? Name some hopping birds you know; some of the walking birds.

And when you know that, you'll know
more than some men.

7. "All the birds that can scratch for
their food in the ground,
All the birds that can wade in the
water around,
All the birds that have talons with
which to catch prey —
They all walk, one foot at a time, the
same way.

8. "But most of the birds, who can sing
you a song,
Are so small that their two legs are
not very strong
To scratch with, or walk with, or
catch things — that's why
They hop with both feet. Little
boy, now good-by."

— *Selected.*

XXXI. EDITH AND THE BEES

1. One beautiful morning last June, a little girl thought she would go out into the garden and pick some flowers for one of her playmates, who was sick and obliged to stay shut up in the house this fragrant summer morning.

2. "Tommy shall have the most beautiful flowers in the garden," thought Edith, as she took her little basket and pruning scissors, and ran out into the garden. She looked like a fairy or a sunbeam, flitting about the rosebushes.

3. Her heart was full of thoughts of Tommy, while she worked away busily. "I wish I knew something that would please Tommy more than anything else!" she said to herself. "I would love to

make him happy!" and she sat down on the edge of a beautiful fountain to think.

4. While she sat there thinking, two little birds began to take their bath in the lovely, sparkling water that rippled and danced in the sunshine.

5. They would plunge into the water and come out dripping, perch on the side of the fountain for a moment, and plunge in again. Then they would shake the bright drops from their feathers and fly away, singing more sweetly than ever. Edith thought the little birds enjoyed their bath as much as her baby brother did his.

6. When they had flown away to a distant tree, Edith noticed a beautiful

"The beemaster was very glad to tell Edith all he knew about the bees."

pink rosebud, more beautiful than any she had yet seen.

7. "Oh, how lovely you are!" she cried; and, running to the bush where it was, she bent down the branch, that she might examine it more closely, when out of the heart of the rose came a small insect, and stung her cheek. The little girl began to weep loudly, and ran to her father, who was working in another part of the yard.

8. "Why, my little girl!" said he, "a bee has stung you." He drew out the sting, and bathed her swollen cheek in cool water, at the same time telling her many interesting things about the wonderful little bees.

9. "Do not cry any more, my child,"

said her father, "and I will take you to see a kind gentleman who keeps many hives of bees."

10. "Oh, thank you!" cried Edith, brushing away the tears. "I will run and get ready now."

11. The beemaster, as everybody called the old man who kept the bees, was very glad to show his little pets, and to tell Edith all he knew about them. He led her to a hive, made partly of glass, so that she might watch the bees at their work.

12. "There are three kinds of bees in every hive," said the gentleman. "That large bee in the middle is the queen bee. She is the most important bee in the hive. She has a sting, but seldom makes

use of it. Those busy little bees are the worker bees. It was probably a worker that stung you this morning, my little girl," said the beemaster.

13. Edith thought she did not like the worker bee as well as the others; but when she heard what industrious little workers they are, and how they take all the care of the young bees, build the cells of wax, and bring in the honey, she felt much more affection for them.

14. "What do the bees do in winter, when there are no flowers from which to gather honey?" inquired Edith.

15. "They sleep during the long, cold winter days, and awaken when the warm spring returns," replied her kind instructor.

16. "Now," said Edith's father, "we had better go, or you will not get to see Tommy to-day."

17. Then the little girl thanked her new friend for telling her so much about his interesting pets, and promised to come and see him as often as she could.

18. "O father!" cried Edith, as they walked homeward, "I am almost glad that the naughty little bee stung me this morning, for now I shall have something interesting to tell Tommy."

—HELEN KELLER.

Helen Keller was a little girl who could neither see nor hear. Yet she learned to read and write, and, as this composition shows, learned many interesting things about the world she lived in.

She is grown up now, and has passed through college and become a very earnest and thoughtful young woman. She is much interested in ways of teaching the blind.

Tell what you know of the blind and how they learn to read.

XXXII. DAY AND NIGHT WITH THE FAIRIES

1. In the summer night,
When the moon shines bright,
And the air is calm and still,
The fairies wake
By stream and lake,
In valley and on hill.

2. From the pale bluebell
In the forest dell,
From the water lily's cup;
And from sweet repose
In the fragrant rose,
The tiny fays spring up.

3. And round and round,
On the mossy ground,
They dance with might and main;

But at morning's light
They run from sight,
And hide in the flowers again.

— *Selected.*

ABOUT THE FAIRIES

1. Pray, where are the little bluebells gone,
That lately bloomed in the wood?
Why, the little fairies have each taken one,
And put it on for a hood.

2. And where are the pretty grass stalks gone,
That waved in the summer breeze?
Oh, the fairies have taken them every one,
To plant in their gardens, like trees.

"When spring returns—"

3. And where are the great big blue-
bottles gone?
That buzzed in their busy pride?
Oh, the fairies have caught them
every one,
And have broken them in, to ride.

4. And they've taken the glowworms
to light their halls,
And the cricket to sing them a song,
And the great red rose leaves to
paper their walls,
And they're feasting the whole
night long.

5. But when spring returns, with its
soft, mild ray,
And its ripple of gentle rain,

The fairies bring back what they've
taken away,
And give it us all again.

— *Unknown.*

XXXIII. A STORY OF THE SOUTH WIND

1. The lazy, soft-eyed South Wind lay upon his couch of cloud mist, and looked away to the distant north.

2. He sang softly to himself as he swung to and fro, and wondered what there might be of joy and beauty away off toward the northern sky.

3. And as he looked, he saw a great field; and among its waving grasses were bright yellow flowers, shining like bits of gold.

4. "They are like my own soft, yellow

light," thought the South Wind; "the soft, yellow light with which I mellow fields and hills and valleys and dales, when the Indian summer broods over the earth. But I wonder, wonder what the little yellow flower is, whence it came and whither it will go."

5. But the South Wind was indolent; he wondered and he dreamed, but never once did he rise from his soft, cloud-mist couch.

6. One morning he looked again toward the north, and lo, a change had come upon the field of golden flowers.

7. The rich yellow had disappeared; and in place of the golden crowns each flower shone fleecy white, among the waving grasses.

8. "Alas, alas," the South Wind sighed; "my brother, the North Wind, has wrought this change. He has touched the heads of these golden flowers with his icy breath.

9. "Why need he blight the summer fields? why need he rob them of their beauty?"

10. And as South Wind sighed, there was a flutter among the flowers and grasses in all the sunny fields; their heads waved to and fro, and the grasses whispered softly to one another.

11. Then even while the South Wind looked, behold the little shining white crowns disappeared. It was a strange change. The South Wind could not understand, but the air for miles and

miles around was filled with tiny white-winged filaments. They flew hither and thither, rising and falling with the wind, and frolicking only the faster when the sad South Wind sighed.

12. "The dandelion seeds are looking for a place to sleep during the winter," said the little red children. "See how the South Wind helps them."

13. But the South Wind said: "What do the children mean? It is very strange."

—MARA C. PRATT.

This is an Indian legend. Who were the little red children?

And after April, when May follows,
The white-throat builds, and all the swallows.

ROBERT BROWNING (*Home Thoughts*).

XXXIV. THE TWO SQUIRRELS

1. There were two squirrels that lived
   in a wood:
   The one was naughty, the other was
   good.

2. The naughty one's name was Dandy
   Jim:
   His mother was very fond of him.

3. The good one's name was Johnny
   Black:
   He had beautiful fur upon his back,
   And he never went near the railroad
   track.

4. But Dandy Jim — how was it with
   him?

THE TWO SQUIRRELS

He ran away one summer day
Over the hills and far away.

5. His mother sought for him far and near,
But never a word of Jim could she hear.

6. He never came back; for, down at the track,
The railroad cars ran over him,
And that was the end of Dandy Jim.

7. But Johnny Black, he always came back,
For he never from home went far away:
He thought at home was the place to stay.

8. He minded his mother — because,
you see,
He felt that his mother knew better
than he.

— *Selected.*

XXXV. THE INSECT KING

1. The king of the insects is the dragon fly.

2. It is a pity that children are not more respectful to this royal friend, for a friend he is.

3. If they were to watch him at work, instead of believing all the bad stories they hear about him, they would no longer call him a "darning needle."

4. This beautiful insect, like the bee, began life as an egg; only he began it in the pond.

5. A family of mosquitoes began life there at about the same time. Out they all came from their shells, and wriggled about in the water.

6. These tiny mosquito larvæ were getting ready to grow wings, and rise into the air, and torment sleeping babies. But while they were doing so, Prince Dragon Fly became hungry.

7. He was not much more than a common water grub himself at that time. But he did not wait for wings before he began being useful to man.

8. He caught those mosquito larvæ, one by one, and ate them up. Surely, you will make a low bow of thanks to him for this alone, next time you see him.

9. We rise by good deeds; and so, of course, Prince Dragon Fly rose. He rose into the air, at last, on those beautiful wings that he can move so fast you can hardly see them. Then he looked about him on a new world.

10. Some mosquitoes that he had not met as larvæ, down in the water, were flying about over the pond, waiting for the children to come down to the boat.

11. King Dragon Fly pounced upon these mosquitoes, and was catching and eating them as fast as he could, when down came the children.

12. And how do you think they behaved to him? Edith threw her cape over her head and screamed, and Tom threw a stick at him.

13. Of course, he flew away and left the mosquitoes to make a fine meal on his enemies.

Who has seen the dragon fly? Who has feared it? Who will promise to befriend this useful insect in future? What are the larvæ of insects?

—"*Culture Readers*," *D. Appleton & Co.*

XXXVI. MOTHER RED-CAP

1. Two very small children
   Once wandered away
   Far into the world,
   On a fine summer's day.

2. They searched for a fairy
   Who lived in a wood,
   And who, every one knew,
   Was exceedingly good.

What is the mother looking at? What is the boy doing? Tell the story.

3. "We'll ask for," they said,
As they walked hand in hand,
"The very best thing
To be had in the land.

4. "We'll be very polite,
And say, 'Please would you mind?'
And dear Mother Red-Cap
Is sure to be kind."

5. They found Mother Red-Cap
And made their demand,
For the very best things
To be had in the land.

6. "My dears," said the fairy,
"From the day of your birth,
You've had the best things
To be found on the earth.

7. "The very best things
For all little girls,
Better than taffy,
Or rubies, or pearls,

8. "The best things of all,
All others above,
Are your home, and your mother,
And dear mother's love."

—*Selected.*

XXXVII. THE MOUSE'S TAIL

1. A mouse was just escaping into his hole when the cat overtook him and bit his tail off.

2. "Oh, Mrs. Puss!" cried the mouse. "Please give me back my nice long tail."

"I will," said the cat, "if you will bring me a saucer of milk."

3. The mouse went to the cow, and said, "Dear Mrs. Cow, the cat has bitten off my nice long tail, and will not give it back to me unless I bring her a saucer of milk."

4. "I will give you a saucer of milk," said the cow, "if you will get me some nice fresh hay."

5. So the mouse went to the farmer and said: "Good farmer, the cat has bitten off my nice long tail, and will not give it back to me unless I bring her a saucer of milk. But the cow will not give me any milk unless I bring her some nice fresh hay."

6. "I will give you some hay," said the farmer, "if you will find me the key to my barn, which I have lost."

7. The mouse, thinking a new key would do as well, went to the locksmith.

8. "O locksmith," said he, "the cat has bitten off my nice long tail, and will not give it back to me unless I bring her a saucer of milk.

9. "But the cow will not give me any milk unless I get her some nice fresh hay, and the farmer will not give me any hay unless I find the key to his barn, which he has lost."

10. The locksmith said, "I will make you a key that will open the farmer's barn if you will bring me a file."

11. Then the mouse ran to the blacksmith and said, "O blacksmith, the cat has bitten off my nice long tail, and will

not give it back to me unless I bring her a saucer of milk.

12. "But the cow will not give me any milk unless I get her some nice fresh hay; and the farmer will not give me any hay unless I find the key to his barn, which he has lost; and the locksmith cannot make me a key unless I bring him a file."

13. "I would make you a file," said the blacksmith, "if I had coal for my fire."

14. The mouse burrowed down into the heart of the earth, and there he found plenty of coal and a man digging it.

15. "O miner," said he, "the cat has bitten off my nice long tail, and will not give it back to me unless I bring her a saucer of milk.

16. "But the cow will not give me any milk unless I get her some nice fresh hay; and the farmer will not give me any hay unless I find the key to his barn, which he has lost; and the locksmith cannot make me a key without a file, and the blacksmith cannot make me a file without coal."

17. The miner filled a little cart with coal and gave it to the mouse, who took it to the blacksmith.

18. The blacksmith put the coal on his fire and made a file, which he gave to the mouse, who took it to the locksmith.

19. The locksmith filed a key to fit the barn door and gave it to the mouse, who took it to the farmer.

20. The farmer opened his barn and

gave the mouse some nice fresh hay, which she took to the cow.

21. The cow ate the hay and gave the mouse a saucer of milk, which she took to the cat.

22. The cat lapped the milk and gave back the nice long tail of the mouse, which is now growing in its place again.

— *Old Nursery Tale.*

XXXVIII. THE VOYAGE IN THE ARMCHAIR

1. Papa, dear papa! we have had such a game!
We played at a sail on the sea;
The old armchair made such a beautiful ship,
And it sailed, oh, as nice as could be!

What have the children for a train? Whom have they for an engineer? Tell the story.

2. We made Mary the captain, and Bob was the boy
   Who cried, "Ease her!" "Back her!" and "Slow!"
   And Jem was the steersman who stands at the wheel;
   And I watched the engines below.

3. We had for a passenger grandmamma's cat;
   And as Tom could not pay, he went free;
   From the fireside we sailed at half-past two o'clock,
   And we got to the sideboard at three.

4. But oh, only think, dear papa, when halfway,

Tom overboard jumped to the floor!
And though we called out, "Tom, come back; don't be drowned!"
He galloped right out at the door!

5. But, papa dear! listen just one moment more,
Till I tell you the end of our sail:
From the sideboard we went at five minutes past three,
And at four o'clock saw such a whale!

6. The whale was the sofa, and it, dear papa,
Is at least twice as large as our ship!
The captain called out, "Turn the ship round about!

Oh, I wish I had not come this
trip!"

7. And we all cried, "Oh, yes, let us
get away home,
And hide in some corner quite snug."
So we sailed for the fireside as quick
as we could,
And we landed all safe on the rug.

— *Selected.*

XXXIX. THE SCHOOLMASTER'S RULE

1. Jonas and Rollo were working together in the garden. Rollo asked Jonas to tell him a story while they were at work.

2. "I cannot think of any story just now," said Jonas, "but I can give you some advice."

3. "Very well, give me some advice, then," replied Rollo.

4. "My advice will be one of my old schoolmaster's rules."

5. "Your old schoolmaster?" said Rollo. "Who was he?"

6. "Oh, he was an old man to whom I used to go to school. He had no hair on his head, and so he wore a black woolen cap."

7. Rollo laughed at this and said, "What a funny man!"

8. "He had six rules," Jonas said. "Three for study and three for play. His first rule for study was this:

'What's once begun
Must always be done.'

9. "When I went to his school, a new scholar came one day. This new boy had a seat near me. The master wanted him to write some lines of a hymn, to show how well he could write.

10. "The boy took out a piece of paper and began and wrote one line of his hymn. It did not look very well, so he put that piece away and took another and began again.

11. "He wrote on this piece one line and part of another. Then he made some mistake. When he found out his mistake, he looked very much vexed and pushed this piece of paper away and took another.

12. "This time he dipped his pen too deep in the ink, and let a great drop fall

THE WRITING LESSON

on the paper. This drop of ink made a large black spot which the master called a blot.

13. "Now the boy looked quite sad and vexed, and said in a whisper that he wouldn't try again. He sat some time, with his elbows on his desk, looking around the schoolroom.

14. "At last he seemed to feel a little better and laid the blotted piece of paper away with the others, which he had spoiled. Then he took a fresh piece, which was the last he had, and began once more.

II

15. "Just as the boy had written the first word on this piece, the master came to see how he was getting along.

16. "'What, only one word!' said the master. 'What have you been doing all this time?'

17. "'Oh, I began once or twice before and spoiled the sheets,' said the boy.

18. "'Let me see,' said the master. So he looked at the pieces which had the mistakes and blots on them.

19. "'This won't do,' said he. 'It's contrary to my rule. My rule is:

What's once begun
Must always be done.

You must take the first piece of paper, and finish that. You must never throw away your work and begin again.'

20. "'Why, my pen was not good,' said the boy.

"'No matter; you must not throw away any work once begun in my school.

21. "'When you once begin anything, you must always go right through with it. If you do not, you will get in the habit of being discouraged at any little failure. And, in that case, you will never do much in the world.'

22. "So the old master made the boy take his first piece of paper and finish his first hymn that day. The next day he made him finish the second one, and so on till he had finished them all.

23. "Now," said Jonas, "my advice is my old master's rule."

Rollo said he was sure he had often spoiled his writing, and begun over again. But he thought it was a bad

plan, and he would try to remember the rule.

— *Selected.*

Guess what the schoolmaster's other five rules were? Write your guesses.

XL. SANTA CLAUS

1. He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
   He softly, silently comes,
   While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
   Are dreaming of bugles and drums.

2. He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
   While the white flakes around him whirl;

Who tells him I know not, but he
finds the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

3. His sleigh it is long and deep and
wide, —
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang round
on the sides,
With the sticks sticking under the
strings.

4. And yet not the sound of a drum
is heard —
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-top like
a bird,
And pops down it like a stone.

Tell the child's dream.

5. The little stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly let down to the floor.

6. Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not a sound of a bugle or drum is heard,
As he noiselessly drives away.

7. He does for us all whatever he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

—*Selected.*

XLI. A LITTLE HERO

1. In the town of Weser, in Germany, two children, a boy of ten and his sister, a laughing little four-year-old, were playing on the sidewalk.

2. Suddenly a cry was heard, then more cries. They were not shouts of children at play. They were not even like the screams of people escaping from any ordinary danger. They were cries of wild terror.

3. The boy looked quickly and saw that the peril was close upon him — him and his dearly loved little playmate. A dog, frothing at the mouth, and running as if blindly, was approaching the very spot upon which he stood, while the frightened faces of those who had fled

from the animal's path were peering out of several windows and doors to see what course he took.

4. There was little time to think what to do — not enough to reach and open the house door, enter, and get it closed before the animal would reach the children. But one little accident helped the lad. He happened to have taken off his coat, with the intention of laying it on the railing of the stoop, that he might play in more comfort, for it was a warm day. The coat was in his hand.

5. Quick as a flash, he swung it round his right arm and darted toward the maddened animal, so as to be between it and his baby sister.

6. The dog jumped at him and he

managed to present the well-protected arm to the attack.

7. What would have followed when the dog got through tearing the coat, had not succor arrived, no one knows and no one wants to guess. It is sufficient that help came in time.

8. Round the corner came a policeman, running, with club in one hand and pistol in the other. A flash and a report, and the maddened creature lay dead.

9. The policeman darted to the spot, ready to dispatch the animal with his club if it moved, but found his bullet had done its work. Then he turned to the boy, who had a look in his face as if he would faint.

10. "Did he bite you?" asked the policeman anxiously.

11. "No, sir. I gave him the coat to tear. I was afraid he'd bite my little sister."

12. "Never thought of himself!" muttered the policeman, as he led the boy to his frightened mother, just appearing in the doorway.

13. "He's all right, ma'am," he reassured the mother, "and he has true grit. You can depend on that boy of yours every time."

14. And the little girl followed her mother and brother into the house with awe-stricken eyes, seeing that something dreadful had come near happening, but little dreaming from what her brave brother had saved her.

—*Retold.*

What game are the children playing?

XLII. A LITTLE LESSON

1. Some little housekeepers, one day,
Were getting supper, just in play,
And laughing very cheerily.
The grass a velvet carpet made
Beneath the green-leaved maple's shade;
No room so pleasant nearly.

2. Then Carrie brought a napkin red;
"'Twill make a pretty cloth," she said.
But when she came to try it,
Alas! 'twas not quite large enough
To hide the table, slightly rough —
'Twas useless to deny it.

4. Then woeful looks and sad dismay
Began to chase the smiles away,
So narrow did they find it;

Till out spoke sunny little Nell,
"We'll leave it so, 'tis just as well,
And play we do not mind it."

4. The happy smiles came back once more;
Too soon the pleasant feast was o'er.
For the shadows gathered quickly,
And a star shone silvery in the west,
Telling each merry little guest
To seek the home fold quickly.

5. The lesson is as plain as day;
A cloud may rise above your way,
But sunshine is behind it.
When things go wrong and others frown,
Just put all vain complainings down,
And play you do not mind it.

—*Selected.*

AROUND THE MAYPOLE

1. Oh, see the Maypole, long and bare,
Crowned with a wreath of flowers fair,
See the ribbons, gay and bright,
Wave and flash in sunny light,
Kissed by the sun to rainbow hue,
Red and yellow, green and blue.
Around the pole the children go,
Weaving ribbons to and fro.

2. Oh, see the children, fair and gay,
Dance round and round, the first of
May,
Hear their voices in joyous song,
Weaving, twisting ribbons long,
Around they go in merry ring,
Smiling with joy as round they swing,
Around the pole the children go,
Weaving ribbons to and fro.

What have the children for a Maypole? Tell the story.

AROUND THE MAYPOLE

RENA I. HALSEY.

Allegro.

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XLIII. THE TREE IN THE CITY

1. Between two buildings in a crowded city grew a tree. There was no other green thing near it. On one side its leaves touched a high stone wall, and on the other they peeped in at the window of a five-story house.

2. Below, the ground was paved up to the tree's very roots; but still it lived, and put out its fresh leaves every spring.

3. "Why do you take so much trouble?" asked an old rat who lived under the roots. "I would not, if I were

in your place." "It is the thing I have to do!" answered the tree. "All my family do it."

"But there is no one to see you," said the rat, "except me, and I do not care."

4. But a sick girl, living in the house, said, "Mother! mother dear! the tree outside the window is sending out new leaves, soft and green. It is spring, even here in the city. I shall grow better now, I am sure."

"Thank God!" said the mother.

5. Summer came. The leaves of the tree were large and long, and the branches were covered with them. "It does seem a pity for you to work so hard for nothing," said the old rat who lived in the ground, under the roots.

6. "It is the thing I have to do!" answered the tree. "All my family do it."

7. But the sick girl by the window said: "Mother, I could not bear the heat if it were not for the shade of this dear tree. The wind rustles the leaves, and I seem to hear coolness in the sound; it tells me that somewhere in the world there are great forests of trees, rustling and waving; and green fields with flowers in them; and streams of cool water flowing and falling. The tree makes summer for me."

"Thank God!" said the mother.

8. By and by it was autumn! The weather grew cold; the leaves of the tree turned yellow, and one by one dropped to the ground.

9. "Now you see!" said the old rat who lived under the roots. "Now it is over, and what have you to show for your labor?" "I have done the thing I had to do," answered the tree. "That is enough for me."

10. But the sick girl said: "Mother, I am tired. Summer is over. Look! the leaves have fallen from my dear tree, and the bare branches tap against the window as if they were calling me. The tree is going to sleep for the winter, and I think I shall sleep, too. When I am asleep, mother dear, gather the leaves from the ground and strew them over me, for they have been my joy."

And she turned her face to the wall and slept.

— Laura E. Richards.

XLIV. FOR MY COUNTRY

I ought to love my country,
The land in which I live;
Yes, I am very sure my heart
Its truest love should give.

For if I love my country,
I'll try to be a man
My country may be proud of;
And if I try, I can.

She wants men brave and noble,
She needs men brave and kind;
My country needs that I should be
The best man she can find.

— *Selected.*

THE BROOKLET

1. There is a brooklet just over the way,
   Out with the buttercup blossoms at play,
   Running between them, and laughing all day;
   Play with me, flowers, and children who may.

2. There is a little bird up in the tree,
   Teaching her nestlings to sing "chee, chee, chee";
   This means in English, "How happy are we!"
   Nearer to heaven, oh, who would not be!

THE BROOKLET

3. There is a little bee fresh from the hive,
Truly the busiest fellow alive;
Helping himself to the sweets that he lacks,
Begging the blossoms for honey and wax.

4. There was a little girl passing, who heard
Song of the brooklet and carol of bird,
Smiled on the bee as he buzzed on his way,
"I will be busy and happy as they."

— *Selected.*

Did you ever listen to brook, bird, or bee? Tell what it seemed to say.

XLV. ARCHIE'S TASK

1. "I got into an awful scrape in school to-day," said Archie to his father.

2. "I am sorry for that, my boy," said Mr. Wellington. "What did you do that was wrong?"

3. "Nothing that was exactly wrong. But I didn't understand just what was wanted, and I thought I'd never get through my task, and wondered how the other boys could finish so quickly."

4. "Tell me about it," said Mr. Wellington.

5. "Well, you see, father, it came partly out of what I couldn't help. That is, having such a long name. Didn't I wish my name was Joe Fox to-day,

though! How did you ever come to name me Archibald?"

6. "Why, we thought it a very fine name. Your mother did, and so did I. I am sorry you don't like it."

7. "I do like it. And I like Archie for short. But when it comes to spelling it — and writing out the spelling — with Wellington to follow! Whew!"

8. "Was that what you had to do?"

9. "That was what I thought I had to do. The teacher wrote a letter on the blackboard. Her letter said: —

"'Dear Children:

"'Please tell me how to write your names.

"'Your affectionate teacher,

"'Miss Johnston.'

10. "We were to answer the letter, and I thought it meant to spell our names."

11. "Ha-ha!" laughed Mr. Wellington. "I see. And how did you set to work?"

12. "I wrote:

"'Dear Miss Johnston:

"'I spell my name with a capital *A*, and an *r*, and a *c*, and an *h*, and an *i*, and a *b*, and an *a*, and an *l*, and a *d*, and a capital *W*, and an *e*, and an *l*, and another *l*, and an *i*, and an *n*, and a *g*, and a *t*, and an *o*, and an *n*.

"'Your affectionate pupil,

"'Archibald Wellington.'"

13. "That *was* a task!" agreed Archie's father. "And what did the other boys do?"

14. "They just wrote:

"'Dear Miss Johnston:

"'I write my name this way.

"'Your affectionate pupil,

"'Joe Fox.'"

XLVI. WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

1. "I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft cool mud; quack! quack!"

2. "I," said the dandelion, "I.
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry;"
And she lifted up her golden head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

WE LIKE THE RAIN.

3. "I hope 'twill pour, I hope 'twill pour,"
Croaked the tree-toad from his gray back door;
"For, with a broad leaf for a roof,
I am perfectly waterproof."

4. Sang the brook, "I'd laugh at every drop
And wish it would never need to stop,
Until a broad river I'd grown to be,
And could find my way again to the sea."

— *Selected.*

A RIDDLE

1. I'm found in the woods and hills,
I'm merry the whole day long;
I laugh though I have no lips;
I sing, none know my song.

2. I run though I have no feet,
   By running I help men work;
   I stop not to rest or eat,
   I was never known to shirk.

3. I'm loved by the birds and bees,
   The flowers, the weeds, and grass,
   And am welcomed by shrubs and trees,
   Near which I happen to pass.

4. I will do what I can for the world,
   And, be sure, I will do it well.
   Now please get your thinking caps,
   And try my name to tell.

— *Selected.*

Guess the riddle. If your guess is right how does the thing you have named laugh without lips? Run without feet? Help men work? Why is it loved by the birds and bees? By the plants?

XLVII. BRAVE BOBBY

1. Some years ago a ship bound for China had on board, with other passengers, an officer, his wife, and their only child,—a little boy about five years old.

2. The officer had a large dog, named Bobby, which was the little boy's constant playmate. Everybody in the ship liked Bobby, as he was so good-natured and frolicsome.

3. One evening, while the boy, who was a merry little fellow, was romping with the dog, the ship gave a sudden roll, and splash went the child into the sea.

4. A cry was at once raised, "A child overboard!" but the brave dog had already sprung over the side of the ship,

BRAVE BOBBY

clearing it like a greyhound, and was swimming toward the stern.

5. The little boy's father, half frantic, leaped with some of the sailors into the jolly-boat; but it was too dark to see far around them, and all gave up the child for lost.

6. At last, they heard a splash on the left side of the ship. "Pull on! quick! quick!" cried the father. The men rowed with all their might; and in a moment brave Bobby was alongside, holding up the child in his mouth.

7. The boat was rowed back to the ship, the half-drowned boy was soon restored, the parents were delighted, and brave Bobby received the caresses of all on board.

8. When the ship arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, the passengers were to be landed. The officer entered the boat with his wife and child; but he told the sailors to hold the dog firmly till the boat was at a short distance from the ship. "You will then see," said he, "what a strong swimmer he is."

9. Brave Bobby pulled and tugged to get loose, but all in vain, for they held him till the boat was near the shore. No sooner did the officer give the signal than the dog was set at liberty, and away he went full dash into the sea.

10. Suddenly the poor animal set up a shrill howl, and threw himself out of the water. At first it was thought he

had been seized with cramp; but it was worse than that—a shark was after him.

11. "A shark! a shark!" sounded from the boat to the ship. Bobby swam right and left, and dived and doubled, showing his teeth, and never allowing the shark time to turn on his back, without doing which the monster could not bite him.

12. The officer in the boat soon saw that there was little chance of reaching the spot in time to save the dog. Poor Bobby swam and dodged and was almost exhausted. "Stop rowing," cried the officer to the men, "and turn the boat round."

13. Just at this moment the shark, which had got very close to the dog,

turned on his back and opened his horrid mouth.

14. Bobby was all but gone. His master rose, leveled his gun and fired. In a moment the water was tinged with blood; the horrid jaws of the shark were shattered to pieces.

15. The men then rowed to the spot where Bobby was swimming about. The officer pulled the dog into the boat, the child threw his little arms around him, and the men in the boat and the sailors in the ship cried out with joy: "Hurrah! hurrah! Bobby is safe! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

— *Selected.*

Which do you think the bravest of all animals?
Tell a story of a brave dog.

Tell the story you see in the picture.

XLVIII. DRILLING RAGS

1. Oh, Rags, this really is too bad—
   A dog brought up like you!
   Do you forget already, Rags,
   All you've been taught to do?

2. Now look at me, and pray attend;
   Give me your right hand, so.
   No! that is not the right one, Rags,
   I've told you that, you know.

3. When I say, "Trust," you know, dear Rags,
   Your honor is concerned;
   You would not gobble up the cake
   Because my back is turned.

4. And you must try to hold things safe
   Upon your little nose;

And, Rags, be careful; when you walk,
You must turn out your toes.

— *Selected.*

MAGIC CURTAINS

1. I know of two curtains, all lined with pink silk,
And bordered with fringes of gold,
And fashioned of satin, the hue of rich milk,
That are made to fold and unfold.

2. When darkness comes on, and the world sinks to sleep,
These beautiful curtains slip down;
And all through the night, they caressingly sweep
The cheeks of all sleepers in town.

"When the day dawns —"

3. And when the day dawns, and the people wake up,
These curtains, they fold up so tight —
Their creamy-white fullness so closely take up,
That only the fringe is in sight!

4. Do you know what these wonderful curtains are yet?
Or will you be filled with surprise
When I tell you that two are most cunningly set
Right over your wondering eyes?

— *Selected.*

What does the poet mean by "fringes of gold?" Of what color are these fringes in most cases?

XLIX. THE TRUE PRINCESS

1. Once there was a prince who traveled the world over to find a true princess, that he might marry her and make her his queen whenever he should come to the throne.

2. He visited court after court and was introduced to the most beautiful daughters of all the kings there were, but was not satisfied.

3. "I want a true princess," he kept saying; and no one knew just exactly what he meant.

4. At last he gave up hope, and was about to offer himself in marriage to the most beautiful of all the royal maidens whom he knew.

5. "I will ask her to marry me to-

morrow," he said. But when to-morrow came it was to-day, and he still said, "I will ask her to-morrow."

6. Now this most beautiful of all the princesses had early learned to spin and sew, and was very proud of the fine work she could do. But she was impatient and wasteful.

7. When she came to a knot, she would break off and throw away quite a piece of the thread.

8. Her maid used to pick up all these waste bits and save them, and at last she spun and wove and sewed them together into a robe that was nearly as fine as any the princess herself could boast.

9. When the prince came to see her

mistress, she would don this robe and wait upon her, thinking she ought to be dressed in her best for such occasions.

10. This made the princess angry. "See that underling!" she said to the prince one evening, pointing after the maid, who had just gone out. "She wears a dress almost as fine as my own, and you would laugh to know what it is made of."

11. "Tell me about it," said the prince, and he was given the whole story.

12. When the maid came back, he bent one knee to her in the most courtly way and said, "You are the true princess. You are the maid I have been looking for, the world over. A true princess never despises little things. Be mine,

and share my throne when it shall come to me."

13. And that was how the maid became a queen. — FANNIE LASCOMB.

L. THE FORGETFUL KITTENS

1. Seven little
Kitty-cats,
Invited out to dine,
Said, "Mother, oh,
Do let us go!
Our manners are so fine.

2. "We'll sit up straight
On our high chairs,
All in a pretty row,
And fold our paws,
And hold our spoons
Just as you've shown us how.

LITTLE KITTY-CATS

3. "We will not play,
We will not me-ow,
For meat we will not tease;
But if we're asked
To have some more,
Say sweetly, 'If you please.'"

4. The mother smiled
At them with pride,
They looked so sleek and fair.
And said, "My darling
Kits may go,
When they have brushed their hair."

5. And so the seven
Kitty-cats
Went out that day to dine
With shining eyes
And curving tails,
And glossy fur so fine.

6. They sat around
The table white
With manners most polite;
With napkins tucked
Beneath their chins,
They were a pretty sight.

7. But when the maid
Brought in the milk,
The seven kits in line,
Put seven noses
In their cups,
Forgetting manners fine.

8. They tipped their cups
And spilled the milk,
And then aloud they cried;
And soon "Me-ow!
Me-ow! me-ow!"
Was heard on every side. — *Adapted.*

Tell the story of this picture.

LI. LITTLE YELLOW-WING

1. "The brook! the brook! let us go to the brook!" cried Willie and his cousins, George and Eddie, as they looked from a window after a storm, and saw the overflowed banks of a small stream.

2. Thick shoes and a cloak were brought for Lizzie; and she walked by her father's side, while the boys ran shouting and jumping before them.

3. They found the brook changed indeed by the rain. A few days before they had built a dam across it, which made a pretty waterfall; but now it was all swept away, and the brook was no longer a narrow stream, but had spread out wide, and ran furiously over the stones.

4. While the boys were running after

chips of wood which they threw into the water for boats, the father, who stood with Lizzie under a tree, saw something move near his feet, and picked up a poor, half-drowned bird.

5. Lizzie called her brother and cousins, and they all looked sorrowfully at the bird, and said, "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" and begged to take him to the house, for he shook with cold, and seemed to be dying.

6. He was laid in Lizzie's hand; she gently covered him and carried him home to her mother. The little creature was dried and warmed; and his feathers, which, when wet, did not hide his body, spread out and covered him with a thick plumage.

7. "Is it really the same bird?" asked Lizzie. "Oh, I am so glad papa found him!"

8. "See," said Eddie, "the bright yellow on his brown wings! Let us name him Yellow-wing."

9. Crumbs of bread were offered to him, but he would not eat, and cried, "Peep, peep," long after he was laid in a warm basket.

10. The next morning Yellow-wing looked quite lively, and no longer cried, "Peep, peep," but cheerfully sang, "Chirp, chirp."

11. "He is a yellow bird," said George; "and when he is older, he will be as pretty as a canary."

12. Willie looked at his mother, and

his eyes seemed to say, "May I keep him?"

13. She answered, "No, my son, it would be cruel to take him from the green trees and fields; for

"'How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree!'"

14. "I know," said Willie, "that I should not like to be shut up in a cage; but what shall we do with him?"

15. "He cannot fly, poor fellow," said Lizzie; "we must keep him until he can fly."

16. Eddie told of a nest in the barn, and said that Yellow-wing might be squeezed in among those young ones.

17. "But," said George, "the nest in

the barn belongs to a swallow, who will not like to have a yellow bird among her little ones."

18. At last it was agreed to take him back to the brook, and try to find the nest from which he fell. The children soon started on their errand of love and kindness, more happy in taking the poor bird back to his home than if they had been allowed to keep him in a cage.

19. They carried the bird to the tree under which he was found, and stood him up on a fence near by. Yellow-wing cried, "Peep, peep," and "Peep, peep," was heard from the tree.

"'Come up, come up,' they seemed to say,
'Where the topmost twigs to the breezes play!'"

20. But he could not fly up, and Willie said: "The old birds will not come down while we are so near." So the children went to a pile of stones, and sat there quite still.

21. "See, see his mother!" whispered Lizzie, as a larger bird flew from the tree and alighted close to Yellow-wing.

22. Soon the old bird flew off a little, and the young one spread his wings and followed her; a little farther went the mother bird, and Yellow-wing flew after her; and thus, by flying a short distance at a time, he soon learned to fly well enough to reach a low branch of a tree, then a higher one, and at last both birds were hid among the leaves.

23. And Lizzie said, "Hark! I hear

the 'chirp, chirp' of dear little Yellow-wing, he is so glad to get back into the warm nest."

—*Selected.*

LII. JINGLE! JINGLE!

1. Jingle! jingle! Up and down
Sleighs are flying through the town.
Jingle! jingle! Don't you hear
Merry sleigh bells far and near?

2. Get a sleigh that's large and wide;
Let the children have a ride—
Henry, Ellen, Tom, and Ann,
George and Jane, and little Fan.

3. Yes, there's room enough for all;
Bring another blanket shawl;
Tuck them in. Away we go—
Jingle! jingle!—through the snow.

4. Jingle! jingle! Now we meet
Faces gay and horses fleet;
And we laugh, and shout, and sing,
While the merry sleigh bells ring!

— *Selected.*

WINTER SONG

1. Hurrah for the jolly old winter,
The king of the seasons is he,
Though his breath is cold and icy,
His heart is full of glee.

2. He piles up the beautiful snowflakes
On the apple trees bare and brown,
And laughs when the north wind shakes them,
Like a shower of blossoms down.

"Hurrah for the jolly old winter!"

3. Hurrah for the jolly old winter,
He shouts at the door by night,
"Come out where the ice is gleaming
Like steel in the cold moonlight."

4. Like swallows over the water,
The skaters merrily go,
There's health in the blustering breezes,
And joy in the beautiful snow.

— EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

LIII. WILLIE'S BICYCLE

1. Willie had a bicycle given him on his birthday. After he learned to ride rapidly, he delighted to go on errands for papa or mamma.

2. One day his mother asked him to bring her a package of sugar from the

village, and to do it quickly. She wished to frost some cakes before her expected guests came to tea.

3. Always glad to do anything for mamma, Willie was soon at the store.

4. The small package was snugly stowed away in the very convenient pocket of his bicycle.

5. On his way home he passed a large, open field, where the boys were playing leapfrog, in a ring sometimes used by circuses.

6. "Hurrah, Will! Bring your bicycle in, and see if you can go round the ring," shouted one of the boys.

7. "Of course I can," said Willie; and he was soon going round and round, faster and faster.

8. Then some of the other boys wanted to try his wheel, and it was not till it began to grow dark that Willie thought of the sugar for mother.

9. He hurried home, but the guests were already there, and the cakes were eaten without frosting.

10. "Oh, mamma, I am so sorry I forgot —"

11. "Never mind now," his mother interrupted him. "Go out, and sit down on the back porch till I have time to talk to you."

12. Willie felt very sad as he sat down on the steps. He leaned his head against the house, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks. He watched the tall trees swaying to and fro till his eyes ached.

13. He was startled by the slamming of the side gate. There was no one in sight, and no breeze stirring. What made the gate slam? Then his bicycle, which was leaning against the house, stood up and started, moved by unseen hands.

14. "Hold on! What does this mean?" shouted Willie.

15. A dozen little voices all about him said, "I forgot," "I forgot." "Forgot, forgot, forgot."

16. "Who are you?"

17. "Fairies, to punish you."

18. "Oh, my new bicycle!" and Willie was about to start after it, when the gate opened, and the bright wheel whirled down the street out of sight.

19. Time went slowly for Willie after

that, and one night he was sitting in the same place, thinking of his lost bicycle, when he saw it coming quickly up the street. The gate opened, the bright wheel came slowly past him, and stopped against the house, just as he always left it.

20. "Oh! thank you, fairies. I won't forget again."

21. "Very well," the little voices said; and the air was full of fairy laughter: "Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he!"

22. "Why, Willie, my son! Asleep out here in the night air? You will take cold."

23. The sound of his mother's voice awoke him. Starting up, he looked for his bicycle. It was just as he had left it. He had been dreaming. —*Our Little Ones.*

LIV. A WET AFTERNOON

1. "It's raining hard!" cried May and Mat.
"Just hear the drops come pitter-pat!
The pretty flowers are wet with rain;
When will the sun shine out again?

2. "Among the trees we'd like to play,
But we must keep indoors to-day.
Now, dollies, don't you fret and pout;
It's raining, and you can't go out."

3. "Well, children," said their nursie kind,
"The day is wet, but never mind;
We'll have a pleasant time, you'll see —
We'll tell each other tales till tea."

"It's raining, and you can't go out."

4. Nurse had a charming tale to tell,
And so had May and Mat as well;
And when the tales were told at last,
The sky was bright — the rain was past.

— *Selected.*

TWO BOXES

1. If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me.

2. Then over the land and sea broadcast
I'd scatter the smiles to play,

That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

3. If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street.

4. Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And, turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deepest sea.

— *Worthington's Magazine.*

LV. A NOBLE DOG

1. As Mr. Preston was walking along the bank of a river, he saw a man leading a dog by a chain.

2. The poor dog seemed to be very much frightened, but he did not struggle to get away. He looked up at his master, and now and then tried to fawn about his feet, as if pleading with him.

3. "Poor beast!" said his master; "it seems as if he knows what is going to happen."

4. "What is going to happen?" asked Mr. Preston.

5. "I am going to drown him."

6. "Why are you going to drown him?" asked Mr. Preston. "Are you his master?"

7. "Yes; I am his master, and he is old and useless," said the man. "Poor Ponto! I am sorry."

8. The dog gave a low whine, and crouched close to his master.

9. "The poor fellow does not seem to be very old, and drowning is a hard death," said Mr. Preston.

10. "He is too old to be of any use," replied the man.

11. Having said this, he lifted the dog into a little boat. Then he got into the boat himself and rowed it out into the stream. When he came to the middle of the stream, he threw the dog into the water.

12. The poor dog struggled for life, keeping his head out of the water and swimming toward the boat.

PONTO

13. The man then tried to push him off with an oar; but as soon as the oar was out of the way, the poor dog would turn and again swim toward the boat.

14. The man at length lost all patience and struck at the dog with such force that he lost his balance and tumbled into the river.

15. As he could not swim, he expected to drown. But the noble dog seemed now to forget himself and think only of saving his master.

16. He swam to his master, seized him by the collar of his coat, and held him up till some men loosed a boat and came and pulled him aboard.

17. When the half-drowned man had been brought to land, the faithful dog

jumped, barked, and licked the hands and face of his master, seeming to be beside himself with joy.

18. Mr. Preston stepped up to the man and said, "Do you still think this dog too old to be of any use?"

19. "I think he deserves a better master," said another gentleman. "Will you sell him?"

20. "No, no!" cried the man, throwing his arms around the neck of his dog. "I will never part with Ponto. So long as I have a crust, I will give half of it to him."

—*Selected.*

A friend is better than riches.

What is to be learned from Ponto's devotion to his master? Tell a story of returning good for evil.

LVI. BLINDMAN'S BUFF

1. "Let me be 'he,'" the new girl said,
   And tied her kerchief round her head,
   Then turned three times and forward sprang.
   The merry shouts of laughter rang.

2. And soon she proved herself to be
   At "blindman's buff" a splendid "he."
   She darted quickly here and there,
   She caught them by the dress, the hair;

3. The boys and girls, both big and small.
   The new girl caught them, one and all.
   But yet she had still to be "he":
   She didn't know their names, you see!

— CONSTANCE M. LOWE.

GOOD NIGHT

1. The sun is hidden from our sight,
   The birds are sleeping sound;
   'Tis time to say to all "Good-night!"
   And give a kiss all round.

2. Good-night! my father, mother dear,
   Now kiss your little son;
   Good-night! my friends, both far and near,
   Good-night to every one.

3. Good-night! ye merry, merry birds,
   Sleep well till morning light;
   Perhaps if you could sing in words,
   You would have said "Good-night!"

4. To all my pretty flowers, good-night!
You blossom while I sleep;
And all the stars that shine so bright,
With you their watches keep.

— *Selected.*

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